

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ROLPH SMITH & CO.

A SCENE IN JUNE.

The accompanying picture represents a scene in June. Doubtless there are many such scenes during this matchless month, when nature is at her best and the earth clad in beauty. Poetry is full of laudations of June. Among them all there is none more worthy the theme than the tribute paid to this queen of months by Lowell in his "Vision of Sir Launfall," a poem, by the way, which every one ought to read. Mr. Lowell says:

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and
towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green;
The buttercup catches the sun in its
chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too
mean
To be some happy creature's palace.

"Now is the high tide of the year
And whatever of life has ebb'd away
Comes flooding back with a rippling cheer
Into every bare inlet, and creek, and bay.
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help
knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are
flowing,
And the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house near
by.

"Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be
blue."

BOYS.

We never get tired talking to or about boys. We suppose it must be because we were once a boy, but never a girl. We know what boys are. We understand all about them; and, if the truth must be spoken, we think a great deal of them. At this time we wish to say a few words about different kinds of boys. And first, there is the persevering boy. This boy sticks to a thing; never gets discouraged, never gives up. Such a boy will always succeed. He does not know what failure means. When Dr. Carey, the celebrated missionary to India, was a boy, he tried one day to climb a tree. He didn't succeed very well, for his foot slipped and he fell to the ground, breaking his leg in the fall. For weeks he was confined to his house, and suffered a great deal of pain; but as soon as he was well enough to go out, he went directly to the same tree, and succeeded in climbing it. There was no give-up in him; and it was this determined perseverance that, under God, enabled him to do so much good.

When Demosthenes, the great orator, was a youth, he had a thin, feeble voice, and stammered badly; but he determined to be an orator. To gain strength for his voice he practised declaiming on the sea-shore,

Months and months he persevered, until his voice could be distinctly heard above the roar of the waves. To correct his rapid and stammering way of speaking, he put small pebbles in his mouth; these compelled him to speak slowly and distinctly. His perseverance was rewarded with wonderful

turns his hand to something else. A boy of this kind called on a merchant who was a perfect stranger, and asked for the loan of a shilling, for which he would pay next day. The merchant looked at him with much surprise. There he stood with ragged clothes and without a penny in the world;

vested his shilling in newspapers, and by buying and selling he had supported himself. This was the beginning of his fortune.

Then there is the obedient boy. A disobedient boy is a hard case. It is not easy to do anything with him; and we don't like such a boy, and we don't like to think about him; but a truly obedient boy is the delight of our eyes. He will come out right and make a man. Once upon a time a circus came to town, and everybody knows how the music and the grand tent and horses set all the boys a-going. Pennies and shillings are in great demand; and many a choice bit of money have the circus riders carried away which was meant for better purposes. A little boy was seen looking around the premises with a great deal of curiosity. "Halloo, Johnny," said a man who knew him, "going to the circus?" "No, sir," answered Johnny, "father don't like them." "O well! I'll give you money to go, Johnny," said the man. "Father don't approve of them," answered Johnny. "Well, go for once, and I'll pay for you." "No, sir," said Johnny, "my father would give me money if he thought it was best; besides, I've got five shillings in my box." "I'd go, Johnny, for once; it's wonderful the way the horses do," said the man, "your father needn't know it." "I sha'n't," said the boy. "Now, why?" asked the man. "'Cause," said Johnny, twirling his bare toes in the sand, "after I've been I could not look my father right in the eye, and I can now." The man gave up, and didn't try any more. Johnny was a brave and plucky little fellow; but he was brave because he was obedient.

DON'T SMOKE.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

"Be not rash with thy mouth."—
Ecc. 5. 2.

My boy, if my nose hath not forgot her cunning—and I think she still carries it on her person—I have a distinct impression as I catch the faint, yet not too faint, perfume of your good strong breath, that although you have cast away the cigarette at my unexpected approach, the scent of the rice paper hangs round you still. Now, suppose we sit down and talk this thing over for, say, five minutes or an hour. What? This preaching about smoking makes you tired? Son, it doesn't make you half so tired as your first cigarette did. If you can truthfully deny that statement I'll agree to buy all the tobacco you can use during your natural life. Another thing; it doesn't make you half so tired to hear me preach, as it makes me to see you try to smoke.

Moreover, it makes you disagreeable company. When you bring into society the malodorous taint of stale tobacco-smoke in your hair and clothes, your presence is always more gratefully welcomed when you stay away. You are pleasanter when you sit by the open window. On the outside of it, at that. Aren't you a little ashamed to carry about with you a breath which you have to disinfect before it is safe for your mother to breathe?



A SCENE IN JUNE.

success. In time he became the most renowned orator of his country and, perhaps, of all the world.

Then there is the enterprising boy. This boy has an eye to business; he means to earn his own living, to make his way in the world, and he will do it too. If one thing fails, he does not go moping about, but

but the boy's face and manner interested him. He lent him the money and took his name. Weeks passed away, and the merchant saw nothing of the boy—indeed, he forgot all about him; but after a while he walked into the merchant's store, and said he had come to pay the shilling which he had borrowed. It appeared that he in-